DARK HORSE COMICS
ONE-SHOT
LADY BALTIMORE
THE DREAM OF IKELOS
MIKE MIGNOLA
CHRISTOPHER GOLDEN
BRIDGIT CONNELL
MICHELLE MADSEN

LADY BALTIMORE™

THE DREAM OF IKELOS

Story by **MIKE MIGNOLA**
and **CHRISTOPHER GOLDEN**

Art by **BRIDGIT CONNELL**

Colors by **MICHELLE MADSEN** *Letters by* **CLEM ROBINS**

Cover Art by **ABIGAIL LARSON**

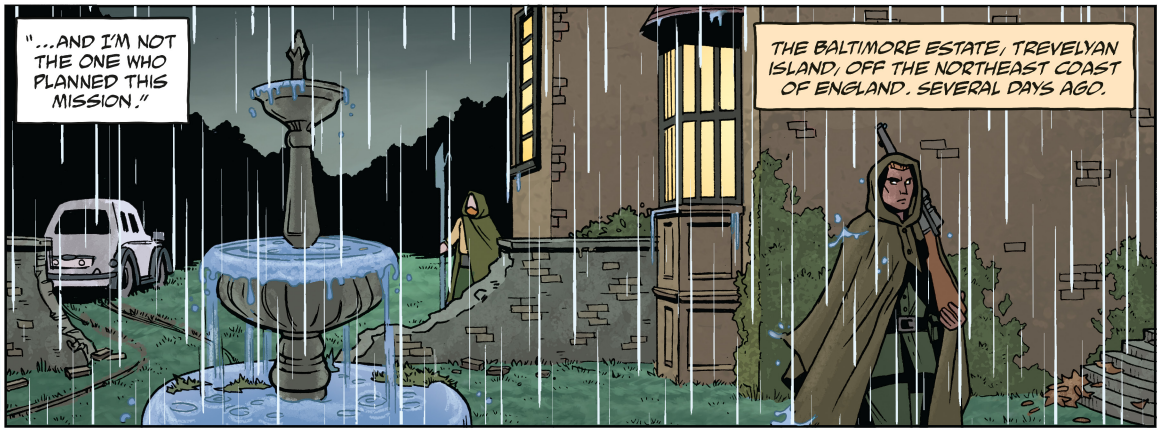
President and Publisher MIKE RICHARDSON *Editor* KATII O'BRIEN
Associate Editor JENNY BLENK *Assistant Editor* MISHA GEHR
Designer PATRICK SATTERFIELD *Digital Art Technician* ANN GRAY

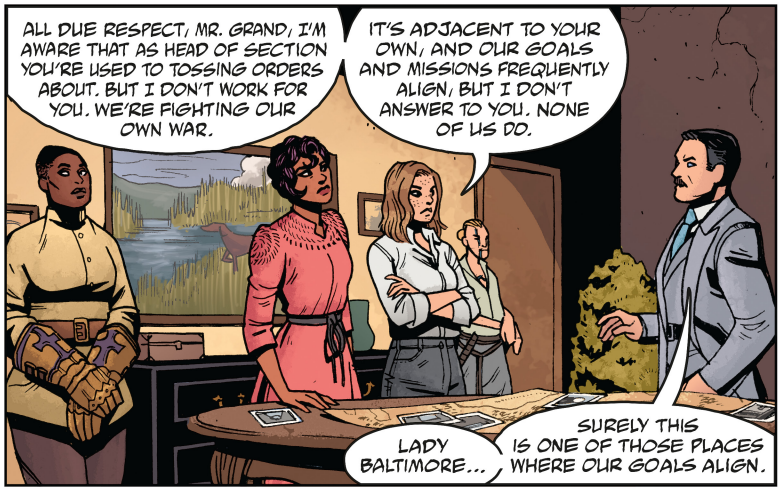
DarkHorse.com **facebook.com/DarkHorseComics** **twitter.com/DarkHorseComics**

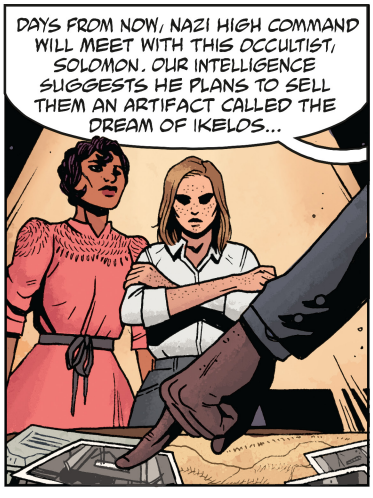
LADY BALTIMORE: THE DREAM OF IKELOS, March 2023. Published by Dark Horse Comics LLC, 10956 SE Main Street, Milwaukie, Oregon 97222. Lady Baltimore™ is copyright © 2020, 2021, 2023 Mike Mignola and Christopher Golden. Dark Horse Comics® and the Dark Horse logo are trademarks of Dark Horse Comics LLC, registered in various categories and countries. All rights reserved. Dark Horse is part of Embracer Group. No portion of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted, in any form or by any means, without the express written permission of Dark Horse Comics LLC. Names, characters, places, and incidents featured in this publication either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), events, institutions, or locales, without satiric intent, is coincidental. Printed in Canada.

Advertising Sales: Ads@DarkHorse.com **Comic Shop Locator Service: comicshoplocator.com**

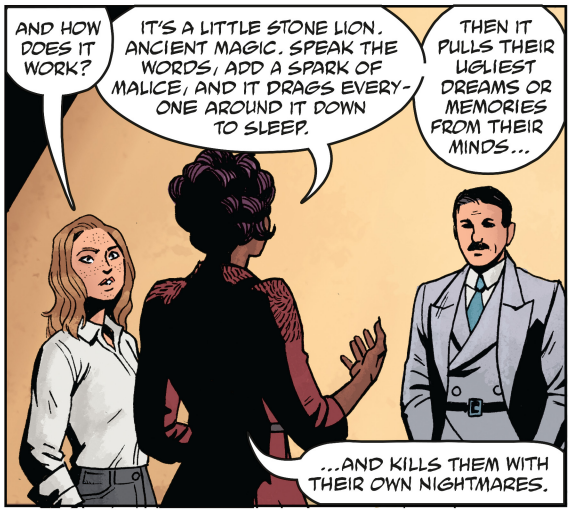
*TRANSLATED FROM GERMAN


"...AND I'M NOT THE ONE WHO PLANNED THIS MISSION."
THE BALTIMORE ESTATE, TREVELYAN ISLAND, OFF THE NORTHEAST COAST OF ENGLAND. SEVERAL DAYS AGO.


ALL DUE RESPECT, MR. GRAND, I'M AWARE THAT AS HEAD OF SECTION YOU'RE USED TO TOSSING ORDERS ABOUT. BUT I DON'T WORK FOR YOU. WE'RE FIGHTING OUR OWN WAR.
IT'S ADJACENT TO YOUR OWN, AND OUR GOALS AND MISSIONS FREQUENTLY ALIGN, BUT I DON'T ANSWER TO YOU. NONE OF US DO.
LADY BALTIMORE...
SURELY THIS IS ONE OF THOSE PLACES WHERE OUR GOALS ALIGN.


DAYS FROM NOW, NAZI HIGH COMMAND WILL MEET WITH THIS OCCULTIST, SOLOMON. OUR INTELLIGENCE SUGGESTS HE PLANS TO SELL THEM AN ARTIFACT CALLED THE DREAM OF IKELOS...

"JUST NINE DAYS AGO, AN ENTIRE ENCAMPMENT OF FRENCH SOLDIERS WAS SLAUGHTERED. YOUNG MEN, PREPARING TO GO OFF TO WAR, MASSACRED SIMPLY TO PROVE IT WORKS."


AND HOW DOES IT WORK?
IT'S A LITTLE STONE LION. ANCIENT MAGIC. SPEAK THE WORDS, ADD A SPARK OF MALICE, AND IT DRAGS EVERY-ONE AROUND IT DOWN TO SLEEP.
THEN IT PULLS THEIR UGLIEST DREAMS OR MEMORIES FROM THEIR MINDS...
...AND KILLS THEM WITH THEIR OWN NIGHTMARES.

YOU SEEM TO KNOW A GREAT DEAL ABOUT THIS ALREADY, MISS IMOGEN.
MY UNCLE EINAR HAS A HISTORY WITH SOLOMON. I KNOW HIS REPUTATION ALL TOO WELL.
WELL, IMOGEN...

"...IT SEEMS WE'RE GOING TO ITALY."
I'M SORRY EINAR ISN'T WITH US. IF HE'S FACED SOLOMON BEFORE--
MILADY, ARE YOU SUGGESTING I'M NOT UP TO THIS MISSION WITHOUT MY FAVORITE WARLOCK AT MY SIDE? YOU HAVEN'T HEARD ME ASKING...
"...IF WE'LL HAVE A VISIT FROM YOUR LATE HUSBAND'S GHOST."
YOU KNOW LORD BALTIMORE'S GHOST HASN'T APPEARED SINCE THAT ONE NIGHT IN HIS CRYPT. HE SAID I'D SEE HIM AGAIN WHEN THE WORLD NEEDED HIM MOST, AND THEN HE VANISHED.
ANYWAY, HE FOUGHT HIS WAR. THIS ONE IS MINE. AND YOU KNOW I HATE IT WHEN YOU CALL ME "MILADY."
THAT'S WHY I DO IT. YOU GET THE CUTEST LITTLE CRINKLE BETWEEN YOUR EYEBROWS WHEN YOU'RE MAD.
WELL, THEN...
...YOU'D BEST KEEP MAKING ME MAD.
SMEK

WAIT...
WHAT IS IT?
⟨I WISH I WERE ANY-WHERE BUT HERE.⟩
⟨ME, TOO. I DON'T LIKE BEING ANYWHERE WITH SO MANY RATS. IT ALWAYS FEELS AS IF EVENTUALLY THEY'LL EAT US, OR WE'LL BE LEFT TO EAT THEM.⟩
⟨WELL THAT'S A GRIM--⟩
SHUNKK
HHHURRKKK
WHUMP
RRRRRR!

THUDD
TUMMP
WHUDD

YOU DO REALIZE I COULD SIMPLY HAVE PUT THEM TO SLEEP?
I DO. BUT THAT'S THE THING ABOUT NAZIS, ISN'T IT? THEY WANT TO KILL YOU EVEN IN THEIR DREAMS...

BETTER TO KEEP THEM FROM EVER WAKING UP AGAIN.

Hmmmm.

THAT'S MAGIC, LITTLE ONES. HAVE A TASTE.

I COULD USE A BIT OF HELP. FIND US THE OTHER PEOPLE IN THIS PLACE. FIND ME THE OTHER MAGIC...

SKRITCH SKITTRR
I THINK YOU WILL BE PLEASED, HERR SOLOMON.
SSKRRTCHH
I'M INSTRUCTED TO PAY YOUR PRICE IN GOLD, AS YOU WISHED. BUT THE HIGH COMMAND IS FAMILIAR WITH YOUR REPUTATION FOR REMAINING NEUTRAL...
SSKKTTRR CHTTT SKITTCHH
...SO WE HAVE ADDED A TWENTY PERCENT BONUS TO OUR PAYMENT.
IN EXCHANGE, YOU WILL AGREE NOT TO SELL ANY OF THE OTHER OCCULT WEAPONS IN YOUR POSSESSION TO OUR ENEMIES.
I'LL TAKE YOUR GOLD, HERR OBERST. AND THE BONUS.
BUT OUR DEAL WAS FOR THE DREAM OF IKELOS, WHICH AS YOU CAN SEE I HAVE PROVIDED.
I AM AN INDEPENDENT DEALER IN OCCULT ANTIQUITIES. I CAN'T LIMIT MY BUSINESS TO A SINGLE BUYER.

YOU SEEM TO MISUNDERSTAND, SOLOMON. THERE IS ONLY ONE BUYER FROM THIS MOMENT FORWARD. YOU DO NOT WISH TO MAKE AN ENEMY OF THE THIRD REICH.
THE MAN MAKES WILD CLAIMS AND DEMANDS GOLD FOR HIS TALL TALES. THIS IS PROBABLY FROM SOME ITALIAN STREET MARKET.
I'M NOT SURE WHY IT MATTERS IF I SELL TO OTHER BUYERS. I AM AN INDEPENDENT BUSINESSMAN.
IN ANY CASE, I NEGOTIATED THIS DEAL WITH YOUR FUHRER, CHANCELLOR BORRMAN...
"...AND I HAVE ALREADY PROVEN THE EFFICACY OF THE DREAM. IT IS EVERYTHING I PROMISED."
BUT IF YOU'D RATHER TELL CHANCELLOR BORRMAN THAT YOU UNDERMINED THIS DEAL AND BROKE THE SOLEMN VOW HE MADE TO ME, I LOOK FORWARD TO LEARNING HOW THAT ENDS FOR YOU.
HALT! THAT IS QUITE ENOUGH!

AH. IT APPEARS YOU'VE HAD A CHANGE OF HEART.
BUT YOU'VE INSULTED ME, GENTLEMEN. AND SO I REGRET TO SAY THAT I HAVE ALSO HAD A CHANGE OF HEART. I HAVE AN ADDITIONAL CONDITION IF YOU WISH TO LEAVE HERE WITH THE ARTIFACT.
YOU SEE... I DESPISE WITCHES.
ALL KINDS OF WITCHES. AND YOU HAVE ALLIED YOURSELF WITH THE SINGLE LARGEST COLLECTION OF EVIL, SPITEFUL HAGS THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN--THE HEXENKORPS, YOU CALL THEM.
THE WAY YOUR GOVERNMENT FEELS ABOUT THOSE THEY DEEM "UNCLEAN"...THAT IS PRECISELY THE WAY I FEEL ABOUT WITCHES. NOR ARE THEY VERY FOND OF ME. THERE IS...
"...HISTORY."
IF YOU WANT TO CONCLUDE THIS DEAL, I WANT THE NAZI PARTY TO INFORM THE HEXENKORPS THAT I AM UNDER YOUR PROTECTION. THAT'S THE PRICE OF YOUR INSULTS.
WE CANNOT POSSIBLY--
WE AGREE. IT SHALL BE DONE.
EXCELLENT.
THE DREAM OF IKELOS IS YOURS.
TTUNKK

SSKREE
WIDERLICH!
WHAT IN HELL...?
DO SOMETHING, YOU FOOL!
BLAM BLAM
SSKREE SSKREE
AAAIIEEE
COS'È QUESTO?
SKRRREEE
UNGEZIEFER!
HÖR AUF! GET THE LION!
SOLOMON! THIS IS YOUR FAULT!
SKRUNCH

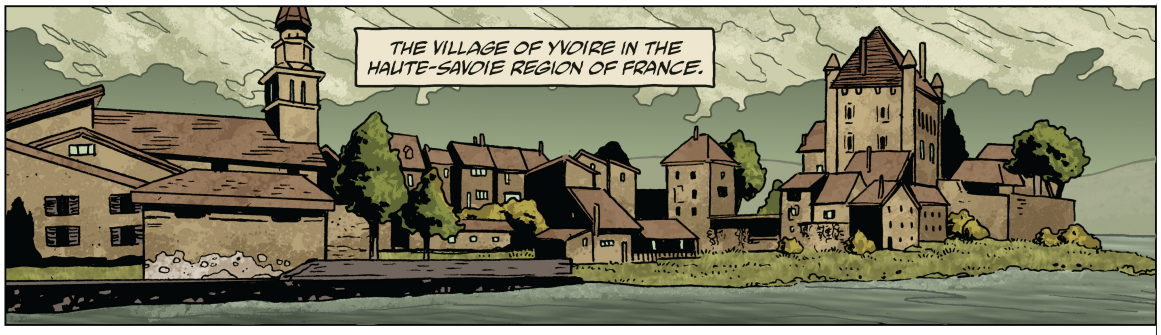
FWOOOSH
CRAAASH
THERE WE ARE! COME IN, WHOEVER YOU ARE!
I LIKE TO SEE WHOEVER I'M GOING TO TURN INSIDE OUT!
WHY DO MEN ALWAYS HAVE TO BEAT THEIR CHESTS LIKE THAT?
THE SAME REASON LITTLE DOGS BARK THE LOUDEST...TO MAKE THEM FEEL BIGGER THAN THEY ARE.
OH, THIS IS RICH. A SINGLE WITCH AND HER LITTLE PET.
LET ME SHOW YOU WHAT I THINK OF--
WWHOOOMP
HUSH, NOW.

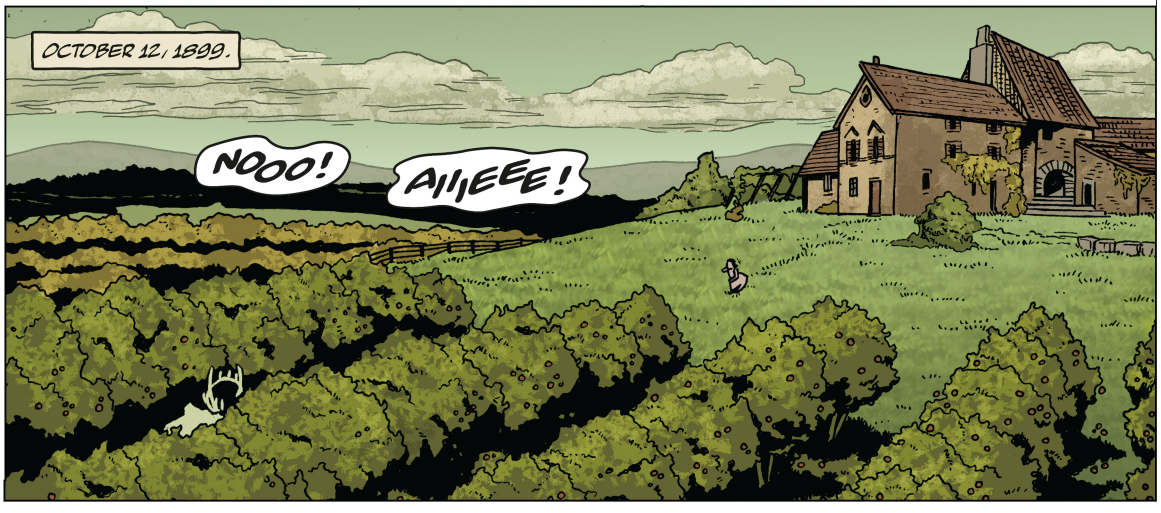
NOBODY GIVES A DAMN WHAT YOU THINK!
KRAAK
COME, LITTLE DARLING. BRING THE PRIZE TO MOMMA.
NEIN!
NO!
BLAM
TINK
TINK TINNK
THUMP
THROW IT TO ME! I'LL TRIGGER THE CURSE!
GET THEM OFF ME!
GIVE US THE CARVING!

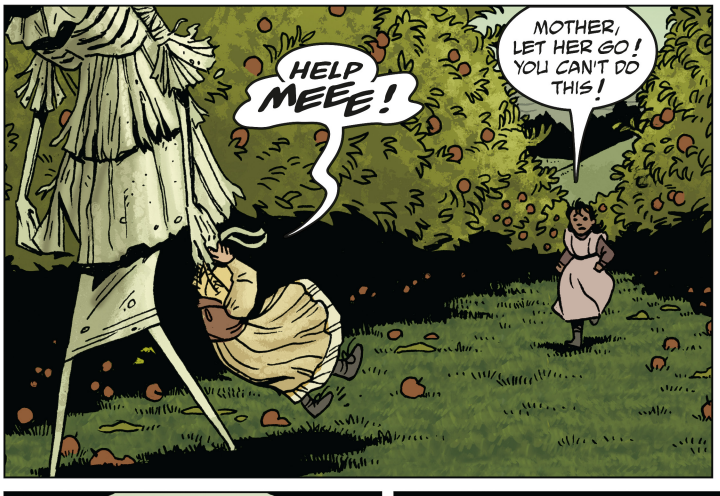
WE HAD A BARGAIN, SOLOMON. THE CARVING BELONGS TO THE REICH. IF I ALLOW YOU TO USE IT NOW, NONE OF US WILL LIVE TO HAND IT OVER TO THE FUHRER.
IDIOT. NONE OF US WILL LIVE IF WE DON'T USE IT NOW.
BUT I DON'T NEED TO HOLD IT TO RELEASE ITS CURSE.
KELKELOS, KÝRIE TOU FÓVOU, SÍKO APÓ TO ÓNEIRÓ SOU. ANÁTHEMA AFTOÚS POU ARNOÚNTAI NA SE PROSKYNÍSOUN. GLÉNTI ME TOUS EPIÁLTES TOUS!
OHHH
YOU'VE DONE IT! BUT I HOLD THE CARVING. YOU'RE VULNERABLE TO THE CURSE YOURSELF!
...I AM... A MAGICIAN. I CAN FIGHT IT...
"MAGIC IS STRENGTH."
SOFIA!
IT'S EVERYTHING YOU PROMISED, SOLOMON...

IT'S THE ULTIMATE WEAPON...
...KILLING PEOPLE WITH THEIR OWN WORST NIGHTMARES!
YOU'RE MY WIFE, SOFIA. MINE TO DO WITH AS I WISH. THAT MEANS YOU OBEY ME...OR I HURT YOU AGAIN.
NO, PLEASE. NO MORE...
GLAN DO CHEANN, GLAN DO SHÙILEAN. FAIC AN SAOGHAL AIRSON NA THA E!
LEAVE ME BE!
SOLOMON, YOU FOOL, YOU'VE UNLEASHED IKELOS UPON US ALL. YOU'LL DIE WITH THE REST OF US!
NO. GET AWAY FROM ME. GET AWAY!

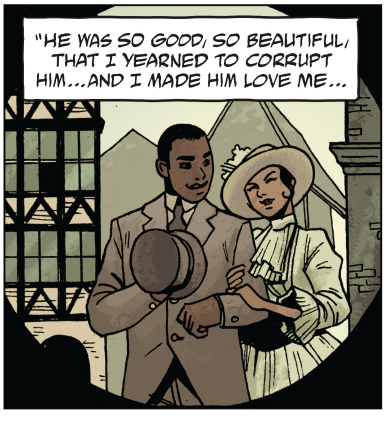
NO...PLEASE... MOTHER...
NOOOOOO!
GIVE THAT TO ME, YOU NAZI BASTARD!
OR ELSE WHAT? I AM AN OFFICER OF THE THIRD REICH. WHAT CAN A LITTLE WOMAN LIKE YOU DO TO A MAN LIKE ME?
HURRKKK!
REALLY?
HERE'S YOUR ANSWER.
KRUNCHH
WHATEVER THE HELL I WANT.
STOP. PLEASE STOP!
IMOGEN, THE CARVING! GRAB HOLD OF IT AND END THIS!
...NO... MOTHER, NO...


THE VILLAGE OF YVOIRE IN THE HAUTE-SAVOIE REGION OF FRANCE.

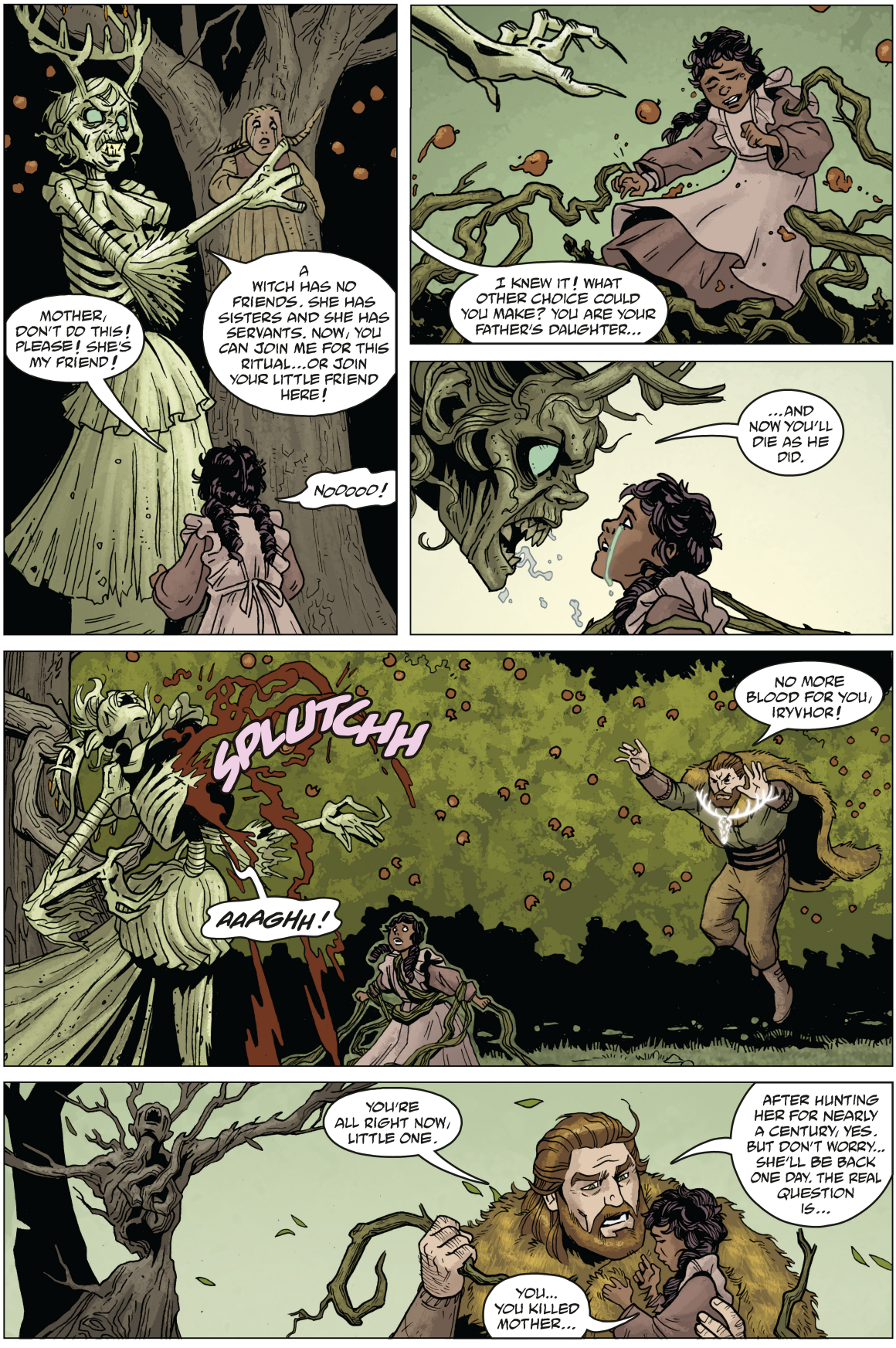

OCTOBER 12, 1899.
NOOO!
AIIEEE!


HELP MEEE!
MOTHER, LET HER GO! YOU CAN'T DO THIS!

IMOGEN...GOOD THAT YOU'RE HERE.
BEST THAT YOU WATCH. IT'S TIME WE SCRUBBED THAT HUMAN WEAKNESS OUT OF YOU.
YOU GET IT FROM YOUR FATHER, AND IT DISGUSTS ME...


"HE WAS SO GOOD, SO BEAUTIFUL, THAT I YEARNED TO CORRUPT HIM...AND I MADE HIM LOVE ME...

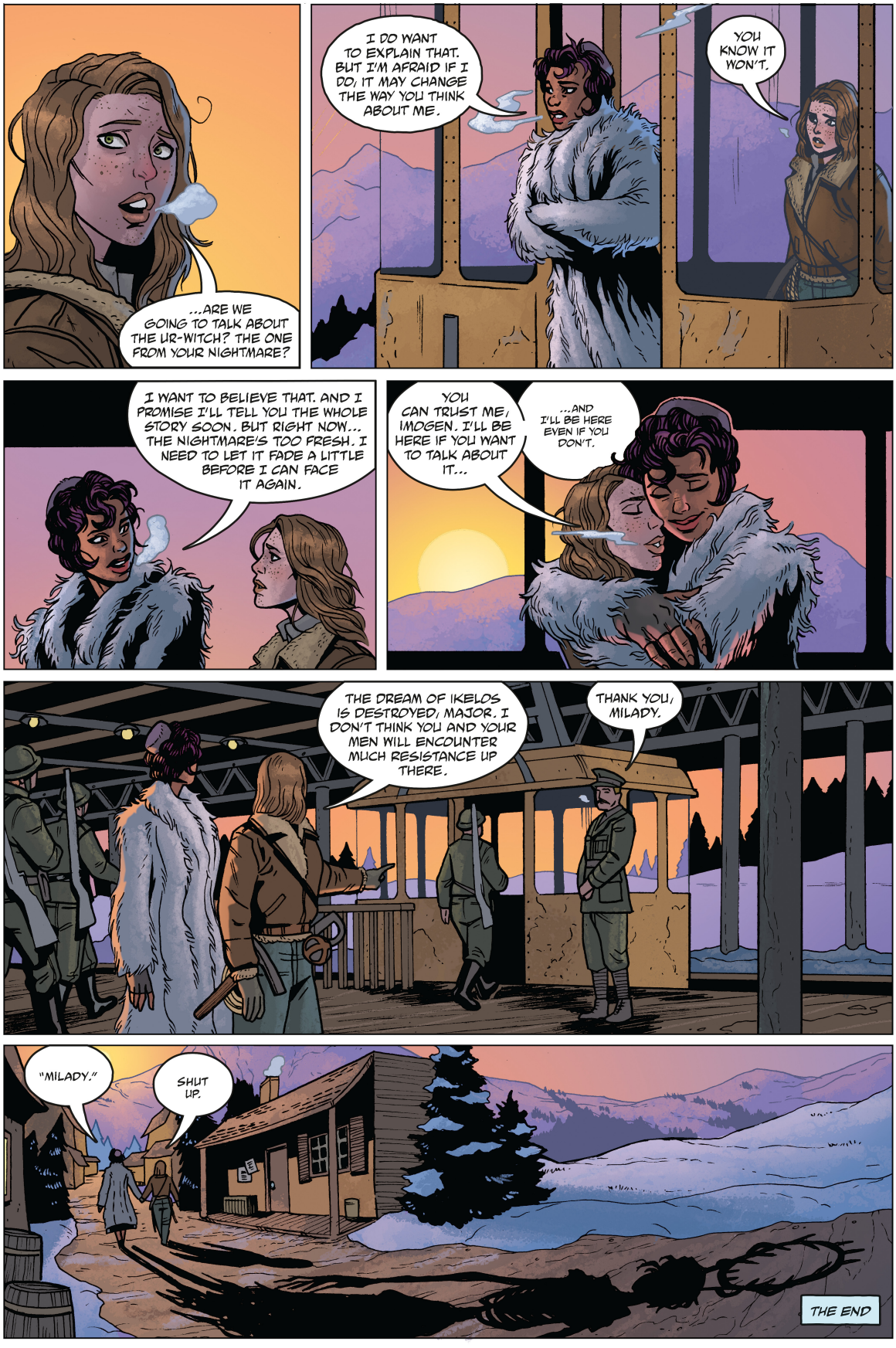
"...BUT WHEN HE SAW WHAT I REALLY WAS, WHAT YOU WOULD BECOME, HE WANTED TO TAKE YOU FROM ME. I KILLED HIM TO KEEP US TOGETHER!"


MOTHER, DON'T DO THIS! PLEASE! SHE'S MY FRIEND!
A WITCH HAS NO FRIENDS. SHE HAS SISTERS AND SHE HAS SERVANTS. NOW, YOU CAN JOIN ME FOR THIS RITUAL...OR JOIN YOUR LITTLE FRIEND HERE!
NOOOOO!
I KNEW IT! WHAT OTHER CHOICE COULD YOU MAKE? YOU ARE YOUR FATHER'S DAUGHTER...
...AND NOW YOU'LL DIE AS HE DID.
SPLUTCHH
AAAGHH!
NO MORE BLOOD FOR YOU, IRYVHOR!
YOU'RE ALL RIGHT NOW, LITTLE ONE.
AFTER HUNTING HER FOR NEARLY A CENTURY, YES. BUT DON'T WORRY... SHE'LL BE BACK ONE DAY. THE REAL QUESTION IS...
YOU... YOU KILLED MOTHER...

"...WHAT AM I GOING TO DO WITH YOU?"
NO... YOU'RE JUST A NIGHTMARE. I'M STILL AWAKE... AND NOT AFRAID...
AAIIEEEE!
FIGHT, IMOGEN. YOU'VE GOT TO BREAK THE--
BITCH. I'LL TEACH YOU.
--CURSE--
MOTHER, PLEASE... IRYVHOR... LEAVE ME BE!
ENOUGH! I FOUGHT YOU WHEN YOU WERE ALIVE. I WON'T FEAR YOU ANYMORE!
FIGHT, IMOGEN! WE CAN PUT AN END TO THIS!

THUMPP
CHAN EIL CLACH ACH DUSLACH AIG A 'CHEANN THALL.
UNNGHH
WITCHES. ALWAYS WITCHES.
YOU'VE RUINED IT ALL. THE ONLY REWARD LEFT FOR ME TONIGHT WILL BE YOUR RED, RAW HEARTS.
I'M EXHAUSTED. AND I'M NOT EVEN A WITCH.
I KNOW, LOVE. BUT I THINK HE WANTS TO EAT OUR HEARTS.
FINE.
WE'LL THROW HIM A FUNERAL PARTY FIRST...

"...BUT THEN I GET TO SLEEP."
SO...THAT NIGHTMARE OF YOURS. IT WAS YOUR FIRST HUSBAND?
YES AND NO.
THE REAL NIGHTMARE WAS BEING TRAPPED IN THE PAST...TRAPPED INSIDE THE PERSON I ALLOWED MYSELF TO BE IN THOSE DAYS...
...LORDED OVER BY SOME IGNORANT BASTARD WITH TWICE MY STRENGTH BUT ONE-TENTH THE SENSE, AND NO HEART AT ALL.
REACH!
I'VE GOT YOU!
IT'S A PERFECT MORNING.
I'M GLAD WE LIVED TO SEE IT. BUT IMOGEN...


...ARE WE GOING TO TALK ABOUT THE UR-WITCH? THE ONE FROM YOUR NIGHTMARE?
I DO WANT TO EXPLAIN THAT. BUT I'M AFRAID IF I DO, IT MAY CHANGE THE WAY YOU THINK ABOUT ME.
YOU KNOW IT WON'T.
I WANT TO BELIEVE THAT. AND I PROMISE I'LL TELL YOU THE WHOLE STORY SOON. BUT RIGHT NOW... THE NIGHTMARE'S TOO FRESH. I NEED TO LET IT FADE A LITTLE BEFORE I CAN FACE IT AGAIN.
YOU CAN TRUST ME, IMOGEN. I'LL BE HERE IF YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT...
...AND I'LL BE HERE EVEN IF YOU DON'T.
THE DREAM OF IKELOS IS DESTROYED, MAJOR. I DON'T THINK YOU AND YOUR MEN WILL ENCOUNTER MUCH RESISTANCE UP THERE.
THANK YOU, MILADY.
"MILADY."
SHUT UP.
THE END